

The Swimming Lady's

GARLAND,

Containing several excellent

New Songs

- I. The Swimming Lady; or, the young Virgin taken by her Lover as she was bathing.
- II. The Jolly young *Stratford* Maid; being a true Account how he met with a Tinker, &c.
- III. A new play House Song.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The Swimming Lady's GARLAND, &c.



*The Swimming Lady or The young Virgin taken by
her Lover as she was bathing in the River.*

THE Four. and twentieth Day of May,

Of all Days in the Year,

A Virgin Lady fresh and gay,

Did privately appear,

Down by a River Side, where she

Had singled out, the rather,

Cause she was sure, she was secure,

And did intend to bath her.

A purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,

Her Ivory Hands unpin

It would have tempted a Coward bold,

Or tempt a Saint to Sin;

She turn'd away and look'd about,

Quoth she, I hope I'm safe,

And then her rosy Petticoat,

She presently put off.



Into a fluent Stream she leap'd,

Which look'd like Chrystal Glass,

The Fishes from all Quarters creep,

To see what Angel 'twas;

She then attempted for to swim,

So sweet she, appear'd in Water

That 'twould have charmed any Man,

To have cast his eyes upon her.

Thus

Thus was the River Diamond-Head,
 With Pearl and Sapphire crown'd,
 Her Legs did shove, her arms did move,
 Her body did rebound;
 She that could quaff the nectar Juice,
 Fair Venus Queen of Love
 With Mars that never in more Ways
 Of pleasant Methods more.

A Lad that long her Love had been,
 And could obtain no Grace,
 For all her prying lay unseen,
 Hid in a secret Place;
 He that had often been repuls'd,
 When e'er he came to woo her,
 Pull'd off his Clothes and furiously,
 He ran into the Water.

She squeak'd and cry'd, and down she div'd
 He fetch'd her up again,
 And brought her up unto the Shore
 And cloth'd her over again,
 As *Adam* did old *Eve* enjoy,
 In Innocence they reign'd
 For tho' uncover'd both they lay,
 She more She lov'd her Swain.

With weeping Eyes she sings and cries,
 Alas, I am undone,
 If you do fail to marry me,
 E'er the next Morning Sun;
 He answer'd her, I'll never stir
 Out of thy Sight, till then,
 We'll both clap Hands in Wedlock Bands,
 Marry, and love again.



The jolly Young Stratford MAID.

COME all you Damsels, come listen a While,
I will sing you a Song that will make you to smile,
Concerning a jolly young *Stratford* Maid,
How her Part with a Rogue of a Tinker she play'd,
with a fa, la, la, &c.

With a rich Farmer at *Tatsworth*, we hear,
This fair Maid had liv'd for the Space of four Year;
But being desirous her Friends for to see,
Gave her Master warning for to go away.
With a fa. &c.

Her Master for Wages had paid her four pound,
Which she put in her Box, with her Head-Cloaths and Gown,
And making it fast to hold all her cloaths,
With it on her Head from her Master she goes.
with a fa, &c.

She had not travell'd about the Space of two Mile,
Before a bold Tinker she meets at a Style,
Who smil'd in her Face, and to her he said,
Pray where are you going this Morning, fair Maid?
with a fa, &c.

I am going to *Stratford*, where my parents dwell:
Ho! ho! says the Tinker, I know it full well,
But pray now take Notice of what I shall say,
You'll surely be robb'd if you go down that Way.
with a fa, &c.

If you turn to the Right you'll find it the same;
So take my Advice, And go straight down that Lane:
Tho' it be round about, you had better, he said,
Then to go down that Lane and be robb'd, fair Maid.
with a fa, &c.

She kindly thank'd him, and turned down her Way,
But he soon call'd after her, and bid her to stay;
And

And when he came to her he said with a Smile,
I am going your Road for the Space of a Mile.

With a fa, &c.

The Maid and the Tinker together did walk,
And still repeating their jokelar Talk;
Untill they had travell'd to a loansome Place,
Where he suddenly star'd the poor Girl in the Face.

With a fa.

What have you in your Box? come tell unto me;
And taking it from her demanding the Key:
This poor harmless Girl being sadly surpriz'd,
She said she had lost it, with tears in her Eyes.

With a fa,

Then the Tinker his Budget from his Back did take down,
And his Iron Pick Staff he laid on the Ground;
A Knife out of his Pocket he straightway did take,
And a hole in the Box he strove for to make.

With a fa.

This poor harmless Girl lamenting stood by,
And she saw the Staff on the Ground it did lie;
Not abiding the Matter, she did not stand long,
But she instantly took up the Staff in her Hand:

With a fa, &c.

And as he was striving to open the Lock,
Then with it she brought him a terrible Knock;
And the Knock which she gave him then tumbled him down,
So tumbling and sprawling he lay on the Ground.

With a fa.

Before he recover'd she let him to know,
Her staff it was ready for another Blow;
Another she brought him, a very good Bang,
Which made both his Sides and Head for to ring:

With a fa, &c.

Another she brought him just behind the Head,
Where the Blood gushed out, and she left him for dead,
Lie there, thou cruel Villain, thou Rogue in thy Heart
For thy treacherous Actions thou hast had thy Desert.

With a fa, &c,

Thou at first did'st delude me down with a Lie,
And robb'd me; Now by Hands thou shalt die,

She

She took up her Box on her Head once again;
And as she was travelling down the long Lane,
With a fa, &c.

On Horseback a Gentleman chanced to meet,
Who called unto her to open the Gate,
To open the Gate that he might pass through;
Perceiving her Trouble, near to her he drew.

With a fa, &c.

Pray, to whom does the Box on your Head then belong?
To your Master or Mistress I fear you have done Wrong:
You have surely done some great Thing that is ill,
You tremble so many Joins, you can't hold one still.

With a fa, &c.

Kind Sir, I have done some great Thing that is ill,
For I do believe that a Man I have kill'd:
The Gentleman then with great patience did wait,
While she the whole Story to him did relate.

With a fa, &c.

Show me where he lays, the Gentleman said,
And I will protect thee from danger, fair Maid,
She took him to the Place where the Tinker lay dead,
And a great Stream of Blood running down from his Head.

With a fa, &c.

The Gentleman then from his Horse did light down,
And searched the Budget that lay on the Ground;
He found three pistols load with Powder and Ball,
A Knife, and a Whistle more Rogues for to cail.

With a fa, &c.

The Gentleman hastily calls to the Maid,
Behold but the Tools of a Tinker, he said:
Had it not been your Courage you had been abus'd:
These are odd Sorts of Tools for a Tinker to use.

With a fa, &c.

He said, fair Maid, have you Courage to stand,
And fire a pistol, if Danger's at hand?
O yes, kind Sir, and I will never start;
If Danger's at Hand I will soon play my Part,

With a fa, &c.

The Gentleman took up the Whistle in his Hand,
And bidding the Girl on her Guard for to stand;

So a very loud Whistle then with it he gave,
And the Girl with much Courage herself did behave.
With a fa, &c.

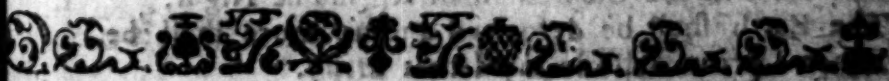
In four or five Minutes or a little more,
Three Rogues of Highwaymen there did appear,
And seeing the Tinker lay dead, they did swear
They would be revenged e'r they went from there.
With a fa, &c.

This couragous fair Maid, without any Dread,
A Pistol discharged, and shot one through the Head;
The Gentleman having the second Shor,
He killed another quite dead on the Spot.
With a fa, &c.

When the other Villain saw what was done,
He took to his Heels, and away he did run;
The Gentleman mounted his Horse then with Speed,
And soon overtook this Rascal indeed.
With a fa, &c.

By the Help of the Girl they brought him to Town,
To the Justice of Peace the Story made known,
And this fair Maid to her Father was known,
And for her bold Courage rewarded would be.
With a fa, &c.

The Gentleman having the Thanks of the Town,
Of poor and and of Rich, the Farmer and his Clown;
And many a brave Boy are in a great Strife,
Who shall have this brave Stratford Girl for Wife.
Wish a fa, la, la, &c.



A NEW SONG

K Ind Neptune Invites me from the foaming Main,
With your Gods and Goddeffes to the Plain,
To conduct my dear Jewel wheresoever she be,
And bring me to the Smiles of my dear Molly.

With her golden Tresses on her Forehead so high,
 Her Lips are like Roses, her Teeth Ivory,
 Her Tongue so enchants me no Mortal can tell,
 Her Smiles are heavenly her Frowns are like Hell.

She is *Aurora* in the Morning, *Diana* by Day,
 At Noon she is *Clovesena* or the Queen of the May,
 At Night she is *Florana* that Rules the Morn?
 In the Morning bright *Phæbus* that rises in June.

I wish myself with her where ever she be,
 It would be a Joy and Easement to me;
 To lie in her Arms I wish it in vain,
 The least of her favours I ne'er shall obtain.

The Flowers in the Valleys no more shall spring,
 The Linnæ nor Blackbird no more shall sing,
 In the Midst of the ocean shall grow an Apple Tree,
 The Hour I prove false to my Charming *Molly*.

The Ships on the Ocean shall swim without sail,
 The smallest of Fish shall turn to a Whale,
 The Sea shall turn dry and no more shall be,
 If e'er I prove false to my sweet *Molly*

The Moon shall be dark'ned and give no more Light
 The Stars in the Element shall fall in one Night,
 The Earth shall be deformed and no more shall be,
 When I prove false to my sweet *Molly*.

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